

# N E V V E S

from Graues-end:

Sent to *Nobody*.

*Nec Quidquam nec Cuiquam.*



LONDON

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## THE EPISTLE Dedicatory.

To Him, that (in the despite and neuer-dying-disho-  
nour of all empty-fisted Mee.en-As'es) is the Gracious,  
munificent, and golden. Rewarder of Rimes: singular pay-  
master of Songes and Sonnets: Vnquint-tyde Surmeyer of  
Heroicall Poems: Chiefe Rent-gatherer of Poets and Musi-  
cians: And the most valiant Confounder of their desperate  
debts. And (to the comfort of all honest Christians) The now-  
only-onely-Supper-maker to Engbles & Plaiers-Boyes, Syr  
Nicholas Nemo, alias Nobody.



Hall I creepe (like a drownde Ratte)  
into thy warme bosome, (my Bene-  
fique Patron!) with a peece of some  
olde mustie Sentence in my mouth,  
stolne out of *Lycosthenes Apothegmes*,  
and so accost thee? Out vpon! the fa-  
shion of such Dedications is more stale  
than kissing. No, no, suffer me (good  
*Nobody*) to diue (like a White-Friars Puncke) into thy fa-  
miliar & solid acquaintance at the first dash: And in stead  
of Worshipfull Syr, come vpon thee with honest Iew, how  
doest? Wonder not that out of the whole barrell of pickeld

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Pat ons, I haue onely made choice of thee, for I loue none really, but thee and my selfe, for vs two do I only care, and therefore I coniure thee, let the payment of thine affection be reciprocall.

They are Rimes that I haue boyld in my leaden Inck-pot, for thine owne eating: And now (rarest *Nobody*) taste the reason why they are serued vp to thee (in the taile of the Plague) like *Caveare*, or a dish of *Anchoues* after supper. Know then (*Monsieur* verse-gilder) that I haue sailed (during this storme of the Pestilence) round about the vast Island of the whole world, which when I found to be made like a foote-ball, the best thing in it, being but a bladder of mans life, (lost with a litle pricke) I tooke vp my foote and spurnd at it, bicause I haue heard that none but fooles make account of the world. But mistake me not, (thou Spur-roysall of the *Muses*!) for it was neither in Sir *Francus Drakes* nor in *Candishes* voyage, that I swom through so much salt-water: But onely with two honest Card-makers *Peter Plamini* and *Gerard Mercator*) who in their vniuersall *Maps*, (as in a Barbers Looking-glasse, where a number of most villanous vngodly faces are seene, in a yeare, and especially now at Christmas) did (like Country-fellowes, that is to say very plainly) and in a shorter time, than a Sculler can rowe from Queene-hyue to *Wapping*, make a braue discovery vnto me, as well of all the old raine-beaten as of the spicke and span new-found worlds, with euery particular Kingdome, Dukedome, and Popedome in their liuely cullors, so that I knew *Constantinople* as perfectly, as *Iobbin*, the Mault-mans horse of *Enfeld* knowes the way to *London*: and could haue gone to the great Turkes *Serraglio* (where he keepes all his wenches) as tollerably and farre more welcome, than if I had beene one of his Eunuches. *Prester Iohn*, and the *Sophy*, were neuer out of mine eye, (yet my sight was not a pin the worse). The Soldan of *Egypt*



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I had with a wet finger: from whence, I trauailed as boldly to the Courts of all the Kings in Christendome, as if I had bin an Embailadour) his pomp only excepted.)

Strange fashions did I pick (like wormes) out of the fingers of euery Nation, a number of phantallick Popin-  
laves and Apes (with faces like men) itching till they had got them. And (besides fashions) many wonderfull worthy to be hung vp (like Shields with senseles, bald, impraes) in the white paper-gallery of a large Chronicle. But this made me fret out worse than gumd Taffaty, that neither in any one of these Kingdomes, (no nor yet within the walls and water-works of mine own country) could I either find or heare, (for I gaue a Crier a King-Harry-groate to make an oye) no nor read of any man, woman or child, left so well by their friends, or that caryed such an honest mind to the Common-wealth of the *Castilians*, as to keepe open-house for the seauen poore Liberall Sciences: nor once (which euen the rich cubs and fox-furd curmudgens do) make the good cheere so much as at Christmas, where euery cobbler has licence (vnder the broad Seale of Hospitality) to sit cheeke by iowle at the table of a very Aldermans deputy.

What woodcocks then are these seauen wise maisters to answere to that worrne-eaten name of Liberall, seeing it has vndone them? It's a name of the old fashion: It came vp with the old Religion, and went down with the new. Liberality has bin a Gentleman of a good house, and an ancient house, but now that old house (like the Players old Hall at Dowgate) is false to decay, and to repaire it, requires too much cost. My seauen latten-sellers, haue bin liberall so long to others, that now they haue not a rag (or almost nothing but rags) left for themselves: Yea and into such pitifull predicaments are they fallen, that most of our Gentry (besides the Punyes of Innes of Court and Chancery) takes them for the Seauen Deadly Sinnes, and hate

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hate him worse than they hate whores. How much happier had it bin for them, to haue changed their copies, & trō Sciences bin bound to good Occupations, cōsidering that one *London*-occupier (dealing vprightly with all men) puts vp more in a weeke, than seuen Bachilers of Art (that every day goe barelv a wooing to them) do in a yeare.

Hath not the Plague (incomparable *Nobody*: and therefore incomparable, bicause with an *Aeneas*-like glory, thou hast redeemed the golden-tree of Poesie, even out of the hellish scorne, that this worlde (out of her *Luciferan* pride) hopes to dam it with) hath it not I say done all men knights seruice in working the downfal of our greatest & greediest beggers? *Dieite Io Paan*, You yong Sophisticall *Fry* of the Vniuersities! breake *Priscians* pate (it hee crosse you) for ioy: for had not the Plague stuck to you in this case, sixe of your seuen Academicall sweet-hearts (if I saide all seuen I should not lye vpon them) had long ere this (but that some Doctors withstood it) bene begd, (not for Wards, yet some of them haue lodged I can tell you in the knights Warde) but for meere *Stones*, and *Chesters*, Fooles, Fooles, and lesters, because whereas some of their *Chymicall* & *Alchymicall* raw disciples haue learnt (at their hands) to distill gold and siluer out of very *Tauerne*-bushes, old greazy knaues of *Diamonds*, the dust of bowling *Allues*, yea & like *A-sops Gallus Gallinaceus*, to scrape precious stones euen out of dung-hils, yet they themselues (poore harlettries) had neuer the grace, nor the face, to cary one peny in their own purses.

But to speak truth (my noble curer of the poetickall madnesse for nothing) where should they haue it? Let them be sent into the courts of Princes, there they are so lordly, that (vnles they were bigger & taller of their hands, than so many of the Guard) every one lookes ouer thē, or if they giue him any thing, it's nothing but good lookes. As for the *Citie*, thats so full of *Crafts-men*, there is no dealing with their misteries:

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misteries: the nine *Muses* stand in a brown study, whē they come within their liberties, like so many mad wenches takē in a watch & broght before a bench of Brown bills, *O Cines, Cines! querenda pecunia primum! Virtus post Nummos*: First open your purses, and then be vertuous, part not with a penny: the rich mizers holde their owne by this Canon lawe. And for those (whom in English we call poore snakes) *Alas!* they are barde (by the Statute against Beggers) from giuing a dandiprat or a *Barbee*. In the Campe there is nothing to be had but blowes and Prouant: for souldiers had neuer worse doings: My sweet Captain, bestowes his pipe of rich *Trynidado* (taking the *Muses* for Irish Chimny-sweepers) and thats his Talent.

Being in this melancholy contemplation, and hauing wept a whole ynck-horne full of Verses in bewailing the miseries of the time, on the suddaine I started vp: with my teeth bit my writings, because I would eate my words: condemnnd my pen-knife to the cutting of powder-beefe and brewes: my paper to the drying and inflaming of *Tobacco*: and my *Retirements* to a more Gentleman-like recreation, viz. Duke *Humphres* walke in Powles: swearing fise or fixe poetick furious oathes, that the Goose-quill should neuer more gull me, to make me shoote paper-bullets into any Stationers shop, or to serue vnder the weather-beaten colours of *Apollo*, seeing his pay was no better. Yet remembering what a notable good fellow thou wert: the onely *Atlas* that supports the *Olympian* honour of learning: and (out of thy horne of Abundance) a continuall Benefactor to all Schollers (*Thou matchlesse Nobody!*) I set vp my rest, and vowde to consecrate all my blotting-papers onely to thee: And not content to dignifie thee with that loue and honor of my selfe: I sommond all the Rymesters, Play-patchers, lig-makers, Ballad-mongers, & Pamphlet-stitchers (being the yecomany of the Company) together with all

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those whom *Theocritus* calls the *Muses* Byrds (being the Maisters and head-Wardens) and before them all made an Ecclesiasticall Oration in praise of *Nobody*, (*scilicet* your proper selfe) pronouncing them Asses, and threatning to haue them prest to serue at sea in the ship of Fooles, if ever hereafter, they taught their lynes (like water-Spaniels) to fetch any thing that were throwne out for thē, or to diue into the vnworthy commendations of *Lucius Apuleius*, or any Golden-Aisle of them all, being for their paines clapt only on the shoulder, and sent away dropping, when as thy leatherne bagges stand more open than Seacoale sackes more bounteously to reward them.

¶ I had no sooner cut out thy vertues in these large cantles, but all the Synagogue of Scribes gaue a *Plaudite*, crying out *Viva voce*, with one loud throat, that All their verses should henceforth haue more seete, and take longer strides than if they went vpon stilts, onely to carry thy glorious praises ouer the earth: And that none (but *Nobody*) should lick the fat of their Inuentions: that Dukes, Earles, Lordes and Ladies, should haue their Il-liberal names torn out of those bookes whose Authors they sent away with a Flea in their eare, And the stile of *Nobody* in Capitall Romane Letters, brauely Printed in their places.

Herevpon crowding their heads together, and amongst theselues canuasing more & more thy inexplicable worth, All of them (as inspirde) bui st suddenly forth, and sung extemporall *Odes* in thine honor, & *Patinodes* in recanta iō of all former good opinions held of niggardly patrons: One of them magnifying thee, for that in this pestiferous shipwrack of Londoners, when the Pilot, Botswaines, Maister and Maisters-mates, with all the chiefe Mariners that had charge in this goodly Argozy of gouernment, leapt from the sterne, strooke all the sailes from the maine yard to the mizzen; neuer lookt to the Compasse, neuer sowned in places of danger, nor so much as put out their Close-fights,  
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when they saw a most cruel man of warre pursue them, but suffred all to sinke or swim, crying out onely, Put your trust in God my Bullies, & not in vs, whilst they either hid them selues vnder hatches, or else scrambled to shoare in Cock-boats: yet thou (vndanted *Nobody*) then, euen then, didst stand stoutly to thy tackling, step coragiously to the helme, and manfully runne vp & downe, encouraging those (with comfortable words) whose hearts laie coldly in their bellies. Another lifted thee vp aboue the third Heauen, for playing the Constables part so rarely: And (not as your commo Constables, charging poore sick wretches, that had neither meate nor mony, in the kings name to keepe their houses, thats to say, to famish & die: But discharging whole baskets full of victualls (like vollies of shot) in at their windows: thou, onely thou (most charitable *Nobody*) madest them as fat as butter, & preseruedst their liues. A third extold thy martiall discipline, in appointing Ambushes of Surgeons and Apothecaries, to lye close in euey ward, of purpose to cut of any couoy that broght the plague succor. A fourth swore at the next Impressiõ of the Chronicles, to haue thy name, with the yeare of our Lord (& certain *Hexameter* verses vnder-neath) all in great goldẽ letters, where in thy Fame should be consecrated to eternall memory, for carefully purchasing conuenient plots of ground, onlie for Burialls (and those out of the Cite too, as they did in *Ierusalem*) to the intent, that threescore (contrary to an Act of common Councell against In-mates) might not be pestred together, in one litle hole, where they lie and rot: but that a poore man might for his mony haue elbow-roome, & not haue his guts thrust out to be eaten vp with paltry worms: least when in hot and drie Sommers (that are yet not dreamed on) those mustie bodies putrifying, the inauoydable stench of their strong breath be smelt out by the Sun, and then there's new worke for Clarkes and Sextons.

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I hus had every one a flirt at thy praises : if thou hadst bene begde to haue plaid an Anatomy in Barber-surgions Hall, thy good parts could not haue bene more curiously ript vp: they diu'de into the very bowels of thy hartie commendations. So that I, that (like a Match) scarce gaue fire before, to the dankish powder of their apprehensions, was now burnt vp my self, in the flames of a more ardent affection towards thee, kindled by them. For presently the court brake vp, and (without a quarter-dinner) all parted : their heads being great with childe, and aking very pittifully, till they were deliuered of *Hymnes, Hexastichons, Pauns*, and such other *Panegyricall* stuffe, which euery one thought 7. yeare till he had brought forth, to testifie the loue that he bore to *Nobody* : In aduancement of whose honour (and this was sworne vpon a pen & ynck-horne in stead of a sword, yet they al write *Tam marti quam mercurio*, but how law fully let the Heralds haue an eye too) they vowd & swore very terribly, to sacrifice the very liues of their inuention; And whe they wanted ynck (as many of them do wanting mony) or had no more (like a Chancery-man) but one pen in all the world, parcell of their oath was, to write with their blood and a broome-stick before they would sit idle.

Accept therfore (for hansell-sake) these curtall Rymes of ours (thou Capon-feaster of schollers;) I call the News from *Graues-end* : Be it knowne vnto thy *Non-residence*, that I come not neare that *Graues-end* (which takes his beginning in *Kent*) by twenty miles at least; but the end of those *Graues* do I shoote at, which were cast vp here in *London*, to stand as land-marks for euery parish, to teach them how far they were to goe : laying down (so wel as I can) the maner how death & his army of pestilent Archers, entred the field, and how euery arrow that they drew, did almost cleaue a heart in funder. Reade ouer but one leafe (deare *Nobody*) & thou putt vp o me an armor of prooffe against the rankling teeth  
of



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of those mad dogs (cald Booke-biters) that run barking vp and downe Powles Church-yard, and bite the Muses by the shinnes. Commend thou my labours, and I will labour onely to commend thee: for thy humor being pleasd, all the meewing Criticks in the world shall not fight me. I know the Stationers will wish me and my papers burnt (like hereticks) at the Crosse, if thou doest (now) but enter into their Shops by my meanes: It would fret their hearts to see thee at their Stalls reading my Newes. Yet therein they deale doubly, and like notable dissemblers, for all the time of this Plaguy Allarum, they marcht only vnder thy cullors: desire none but thy company: none but thy selfe wert welcome to them: none but *Nobody* (as they all cride out to thine immortall commendations) bought bookes of them: *Nobody* was their best, and most bounteous customer. Eye on this hollow-hearted world! Do they shake thee off now? Be wise, and come not neere them by twelue-score at least, so shalt thou not neede to care what disgraces they shoote at thee. But leauing them to their old tune, of *What new Bookes do you lack?* prick vp thine eares like a March-Hare (at the sudden cry of a kennell of hounds) and listen what newes the Post thats come from *Winchester*. Terme windes out of his horne.

O that thou hadst taken a lease there (happy *Nobody*) but for one moneth, the place had (for thy sake) bin well spoken of for euer. Many did heartily pray (especially Watermen, and Players, besides the Drawers, Tapsters, Butchers, and Inholders, with all the rest of the hungry Cominalltie of *Westminster*) for thy going thither. Ten thousand in *London* swore to feast their neighbors with nothing but plum-porridge, and mince-pyes all Christmas, (that now for anger will not bestow a crust on a begger) vpon condition that all the Iudges, Sergeants, Barristers and Attornies, had not set a foot out of dores, but that thou only (in pomp)

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(sauing them that labour) hadst rode that iourney, so greedily did they thirst after thy preferment. For hadst thou bin there, those black-buckrom tragedies had neuer bin seene, that there haue bin acted. Alas ! its a beastly thing to report. But (truth must out) poore dumb Horses were made meere Iades, being vsed so villanously, that they durst neither weihy nor wag taile. And though the riders of them had growne neuer so chollerick, and chast till they foamd againe, an Hostler to walke them was not to be had for loue or money. Neither could the Geldings (euen of Gentlemen) get leaue (for all they swet til they dropt again) to stand as they had wont at Rack & Manger, (no, no, twas enough for their maisters to haue that honor) but now (against all equitie) were they cald (when they little thought of any such matter) to a deere reckoning for all their old wilde-oates.

A cōspiracy there was amōgst all the Inkeepers, that *Jack Straw* (an ancient rebell) should choak al the horses: and the better to bring this to passe, a bottle of hay was sold deerer then a bottle of wine at *London*. A trusse cost more, then maister Maiors trusse of *Forduch*, with the sleeues & belly-piecc all of bare Sattin to boote: Which knauery being smelt out, the horsemen grew pollitick, & neuer sate downe to dinner, but their Nags were still at their elbowes: so that it grew to be as ordinary a question, to aske, *What shall I pay for a Chamber for my selfe and my Gelding all night*, (because they would not be Iaded any more) as in other countrey townes, *For my wife and my selfe*, for a beast and a man were entertained both alike, and that in such wonderful fort, that theile speake of it, *In eternam rei memoriam*. For most of their roomes were fairely built (out of the ground, but not out of the durt) like Irish Houels, hung round about with cobweb-lawne very richly, and furnished, no Aldermans Parlor in *London* like them: for heres your bed, there a stable,



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Stable, and that a hogsty, yet so artificially contriu'd, that they stand all vnder one rooffe, to the amazement of all that behold them.

But what a childishnes is it, to get vp thus vpon their Hobby-horses, let them bite a the bridle, whilst we haue about with the men. As for the women, they may laugh and lye downe, its a merry world with them, but some-body payes for it. O *Winchester*! much mutton hast thou to answer for, which thou hast made away (being sluttishly fryed out in steakes, or in burnt Carbonadoes) thy maid-seruants best know how, if they were cald to an account. It was happy for some, that 4. of the Returnes were cut off, for if they had held together, many a one had neuer returned from thence his owne man. Oh beware! your *Winchester*-Goose is tenne times more dangerous to surfet vpon, than your *S. Nicholas* Shambles-Capon.

You talke of a Plague in *London*, & red Crosses set vpon dores, but ten plagues cannot melt so many crosses of siluer out of Lawyers purses, as the *Winchesterians* (with a hey-pas, re-pas) iugled out of theirs to put into their owne. Patient they were I must needes conserise for they would pocket vp any thing, came it neuer so wrongfully, insomuch that very good substantiall householders haue oftentimes gone away with crackt crownes, & neuer cōplained of thē that gaue thē. If euer mony were currant (*à currēdo*, of rūning away) now was the time, it ran frō the poore clients to the Attorneys & Clarks of bands in small troopes (here 10 & there 20) but when the Leaguers of *Winchester* cried Charge, Charge, the Lawyers paid fort, they went to the pot full deerely, & the townesmen still caried away all the noble and royall victories, So that being pūst vp with an opinion, that the Siluer Age was crept into the world againe, they denyed (in a manner) the Kings Coyne, for a penny was no money with them. Whensoever there shall come forth a Preist  
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for Souldiers, thither let it be sent, for by all the opinion of the best Captaines (that had a charge there, and haue tryed them) the men of *Winchester* are the onely seruiceable men this day in *England*: the reason is, they care no more to venture among small shots, than to be at the discharging of so many Cannes of beere: Tush, tis their desire, to see those that enter vpon them, to come off soundly, that when they are gone, all the world may beare witnes they came to their cost.

And being thus (night and day) imploid, and continually entring into Action, it makes them haue mightie stomacks, so that they are able to soake and deuoure all that come in their way: A Rapier and a Cloake haue bin eaten vp at a Supper as cleane (and caryed away well too) as if they had bin but two Rabbet-fuckers. A Nag serued but one Seruing-man to a breakefast, whilst the Saddle and Bridle were brewd into a quart of strong Beere.

This intollerable destroying of victuals being lookt into, the Inhabitants laid their heads together, and agreed among themselues (for the generall good of the whole Towne) to make it a towne of Garrison. And seeing the desperate Termers, that stroue in lawe together, in such a pittifull pickle, and euery day so durty, that when they met their Councell, they lookt like the black Guard, fighting with the Innes of Court, that therefore all the Householders should turne Turke, and be victuallers to the Camp. By this meanes hauing the lawe in their owne hands, they rulde the roast how they listd: insomuch, that a common iugge of double Beere skorned to kisse the lips of a Knight vnder a groate. Sixe howres sleepe could not be bought vnder fiue shillings. Yea in some places a nights lodging was dearer than the hire of a Curtizan in *Venice* twice so long. And (hauing learned the tricks of *London-Sextons*) there they laid foure or fiue in a bed, as here, those other  
knaues

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knaues of Spades thrust nine and tenne into one graue. Beds keeping such a iustling of one another in euery roome, that in the day time the lodgings lookt like so many Upholsters Shops, and in the night time like the *Sauoy*, or *S. Thomas* Hospitall. At which, if any guest did but once bite his lip, or grumble, he was cashiered the company for a mutinous fellow, the place was not for him, let him trudge. A number stood with Petitions readie to giue mony for the reuersion of it: for *Winchester* now durst, (or at least hopt to) stand vpon prowd termes with *London*. And this (thou beloued of all men) is the very pith and marrow of the best and latest Newes (except the vnmasking of certaine Treasons) that came with the Post from *Winchester*, where if thou hadst hirde a Chamber (as would to heauen thou hadst) thou wouldst neuer haue gone to any Barbers in *London* whilst thou hadst liude, but haue bin trimd only there, for they are the true shauers, they haue the right Neapolitan polling.

To whose commendations, let me glew this piece more, that it is the most excellent place for dispatching of old suites in the world, for a number of riding suites (that had lven long in lauander) were worne out there, only with seruing amongst the hot shots, that marcht there vp and downe: let *Westminster* therefore, *Temple-bar*, and *Fleet-streets*, drinke off this draught of *Rosa solis*, to fetch life into them againe, after their so often swoounding, that those few Iurors that went thither (if any did goe thither) haue tane an oath neuer to sit at *Winchester*-Ordinary againe, if they can choose, but rather to breake their fasts in the old Abbey behind *Westminster*, with Pudding-Pyes, and Furmenty.

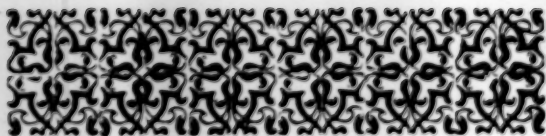
Deliuier Copies of these Newes (good *Nobachy*) to none of thy acquaintance (as thou tenderst me) and thou shalt commaund any seruice at my hands: for I haue an intent

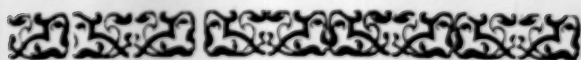
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to hire three or foure Ballad-makers, who I know will  
be glad for sixe pence and a dinner, to turne all this lim-  
ping Prose into more perfectly-halting Verse, that it  
shall doe any true-borne Citizens heart good, to heare  
such doings sung to some filthie tune, and so fare-  
well. Turne over a new leafe, and try if I  
handle the Plague in his  
right kind.

Deuoted to none but thy selfe,

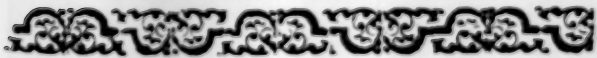
*Some-body.*

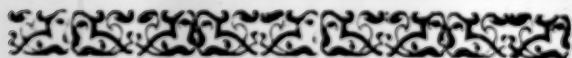




*Newes from Graues-ende.*

**T**O *Sicknes*, and to *Queazie Tymes*,  
We drinke a health in wholesome *Rymes*,  
*Phisicke* we inuoke thy aide,  
Thou (that borne in heauen) art made  
A lackey to the meanest creature,  
Mother of health; thou nurse of nature,  
Equall friend to rich and poore,  
At whose hands, Kings can get no more,  
Than emptie *Beggars*; O thou wise  
In nothing but in *Misteries*!  
Thou that ha'st of earth the rule,  
Where (like an *Academe*, or *Schoole*)  
Thou readst deep *Lectures* to thy sonnes,  
(*Mens Demi-gods*) *Phisitions*;  
Who thereby learne the abstruse powers  
Of *Hearbs*, of *Roots*, of *Plants*, of *Flowers*,  
And suck from poysonous stinking weede  
*Preseruatiues*, mans life to feede.  
Thou nearest to a *God*, (for none  
Can worke it, but a *God alone*,)  
O graue *Enchauntresse*, deigne to breath  
Thy *Spells* into vs, and bequeath  
Thy sacred fires, that they may shine  
In quick and vertuall medicine,

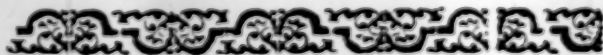


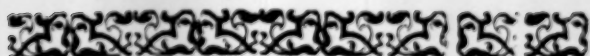


*Newes from Graues-ende.*

Arme vs to conuince this Foe,  
This King of dead men, conquering so :  
This hungry Plague, Cater to death,  
Who eates vp all, yet famisheth :  
Teach vs how we may repaire  
These Ruines of the rotten Aire,  
Or, if the Aires pollution can  
So mortall strike through beast and man,  
Or, if in blood corrupt, Death lye,  
Or, if one dead, cause others die,  
How ere, thy soueraigne cures disperse,  
And with that glory crowne our verse :  
That we may yet saue many a soule  
(Perchance now merry at his Bowle)  
That ere our Tragick Song be don,  
Must drinke this thick Contagion :  
But (ô grieft) why do we atcite  
The charmes of Phisick ? whose numbd sprite  
Now quakes, and nothing dare, or can,  
Checkt by a more dread Magitian ?  
Sick is Phisicks selfe to see  
Her *Aphorismes* proude a mockery :  
For whilst thee's turning o're her bookes,  
And on her drugs and simples lookes,

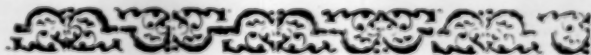
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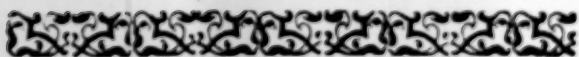


*Newes from Graues-ende.*

Shee's run through owne armed heart,  
(Th'infection flying about Art :)  
Come therefore thou the best of Nine,  
(Because the Saddest) every line  
That drops from *Sorrows* pen is due  
Only to thee, to Thee we sue:  
Thou Tragick Maid, whose Fury's spent  
In dismall, and most black Ostent.  
In Vprores, and in Fall of Kings,  
Thou of Empires change that sings,  
Of Dearth, of Warres, of Plagues, and laughs  
At Funeralls, and Epitaphes:  
Carowe thou to our thirstie soule  
A full draught from the *Thespian* bowle,  
That we may powre it out agen,  
And drinke, in numbers Iuice to men,  
Striking such horrors through their eares  
Their haire may vpriht stand with feares,  
Till rich Heires meeting our strong verse  
May not shrink back, before it pierce  
Their marble eye-balls, and there shed  
One drop (at least) for him that's dead:  
To worke which wonder, we will write  
With Penns puld from that bird of night







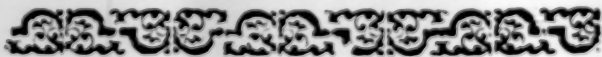
*Newes from Graues-ende.*

(The shrieking Owle) our Inck weele mix  
With teares of widowes, (black as Stix)  
The paper where our lynes shall meete,  
Shall be a folded winding sheete,  
And that the Scene may shew more full,  
The Standish is a dead mans scull.  
Inspire vs therefore how to tell  
The *Horror* of a *Plague*, the *Hell*.

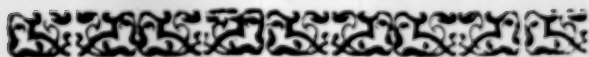
*The cause of the Plague.*

**N**Or drops this venome, from that faire  
And christall bosome of the Aire,  
Whose ceaseles motion clarifies  
All vaporous stench, that vpward flies  
And with her vniuerfall wings,  
Thick poisonous fumes abroad she flings,  
Till (like to Thunder) rudely tost,  
Their malice is (by spreading) lost.  
Yet must we graunt that from the veines  
Of Rottennes and Filth, that reignes,  
O're heapes of bodies, slaine in warre,  
From Carrion (that indangers farre)  
From standing Pooles, or from the wombes  
Of Vaults, of Muckhills, Graues, & Tombes,

From





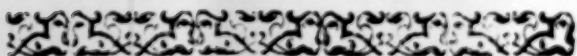


*Newes from Graues-ende.*

From Boggs; from ranck and dampish Fenns,  
From Moorish breaths, and nasty Dennes,  
The Sun drawes vp contagious Fumes,  
Which falling downe burst into Rheumes,  
And thousand malladies beside,  
By which our blood growes putrified.  
Or, being by windes not swept from thence,  
They houer there in cloudes condense,  
Which suckt in by our spirits, there flies  
Swift poyson through our Arteries,  
And (not resisted) strait it choakes  
The heart, with those pestiferous smoakes.  
Thus *Physicke* and *Philosophy*  
Do preach, and (with this) Salues apply:  
Which search, and vse with speede: but now  
This monster breeds not thus: For how  
(If this be prou'de) can any doubt  
But that the Ayre does (round about)  
In flakes of poyson drop on all,  
The Sore being spread so generall?  
Nor dare we so conclude: for then  
Fruites, Fishes, Fowle, nor Beasts, nor Men  
Should scape vnteinted, Grazing flocks  
Would feede vpon their graues: the Oxe

Drop

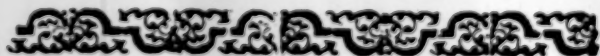


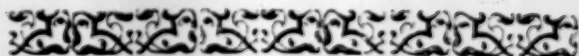


*Newes from Graues-ende.*

Drop at the plough : the trauellling Horſe  
Would for a Rider beare a Coarie :  
Th'ambitious Larke, (the Bird of ſtate) ·  
Whole wings do ſweep heauens pearled gate,  
As ſhe deſcended (*Then*) would bring,  
Peſtilent Newes vnder each wing :  
Then Riues would drink poyſon'd aire :  
Trees ſhed their green and curled haire :  
Fiſh ſwim to ſhore full of diſeaſe,  
(For Peſtilence would Fin the ſea :)  
And we ſhould thinke their ſcaly barks,  
Hauing ſmail ſpeckles, had the markes.  
No ſoule could moue : but ſure there lyes  
Some vengeance more then in the ſkies :  
Nor (as a Taper, at whoſe beames  
Ten thouſand lights fetch golden ſtreames,  
And yet it ſelfe is burnt to death,)  
Can we belieue that one mans breath  
Infecte, and being blowne from him,  
His poyſon ſhould to others ſwim :  
For then who breath'd vpon the fiſt ?  
Where did th'imbulk'd venome burſt ?  
Or how ſcapte thoſe that did diuide  
The ſelfe-ſame bits with thoſe that dide ?

Drunke



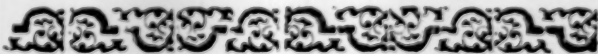


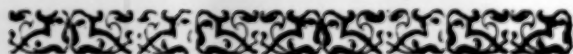
*Newes from Graues-ende.*

Drunke of the selfe-same cups, and laie  
In Vicerous beds, as close as they ?  
Or, those, who euery houre, (like Crowes)  
Prey on dead carkassies : their nose  
Still smelling to a graue : their feete  
Still wrapt within a dead mans sheete !  
Yet (the sad execution don)  
Careles among their Canns they run,  
And there (in corne of Death or Fate)  
Of the deceast they wildely prate,  
Yet snore vntoucht, and next day rise  
To act in more new Tragedies :  
Or (like so many bullets flying)  
A thousand here and there being dying,  
Death's Text-bill clapt on euery dore,  
Crosses on sides, behinde, before,  
Yet he (i'th midst) stands fast : from whence  
Comes this ? youle say from *Providence*.  
Tis so, and that's the common Spell,  
That leades our Ignorance, (blinde as hell)  
And serues but as excuse, to keepe  
The soule from searce of things more deepe;  
No, no, this black and burning starre  
(Whose sulphurd drops, do scald so farre,)

D

Does

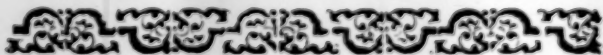


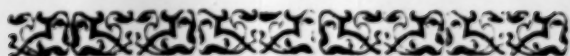


*Newes from Graues-ende.*

Does neither houer o're our heads,  
Nor lyes it in our bloods, nor beds:  
Nor is it sticht to our attires,  
Nor like wilde balls of running fires  
Or thunderbolts, which where they light  
Do either bruise, or kill out-right;  
Yet by the violence of that Bound  
Leape off, and giues a second wound:  
But this fierce dragon (huge and fowle)  
Sucks virid poyson from our soule,  
Which being spit forth again, there raignes  
Showers of Blisters, and of Blaines,  
For euery man wirhin him feedes  
A worme which this contagion breeds;  
Our heauenly parts are plaguy sick,  
And there such leaprous spotts do slick,  
That God in anger-fills his hand  
With Vengeance, throwing it on the land;  
Sure tis some Capitall offence,  
Some high, high Treason doth incense  
Th'Eternall King, that thus we are  
Arraign'd at Deaths most dreadfull barre;  
Th'Inditement writ on Englands brest,  
When other Countries (better blest)

Feele



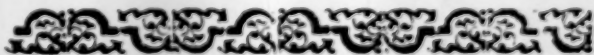


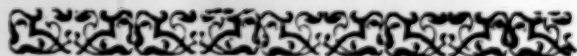
*Newes from Graues-ende.*

Feele not the Iudges heauy doome  
Whose breath (like Lightning doth consume)  
And (with a whip of Planets) scourges  
The Veines of mortalls, In whom Surges  
Of sinfull blood, Billowes of Lust  
Stir vp the powres to acts vniult.  
Whether they be Princes Errors,  
Or faults of Peeres, pull downe these Terrors,  
Or (because we may not erre,)  
Lets sift it in particuler,  
The Courtiers pride, lust, and excesse,  
The Church-mans painted holinesse,  
The Lawyers grinding of the poore,  
The Souldiers staruing at the doore,  
Ragd, leane, and pale through want of blood,  
Sold cheape by him for Countries good.  
The Schollers enuy, Farmers curse,  
When heau'ns rich Threasurer doth disburse  
In bounteous heapes (to thankles men)  
His vniuersall Blessings: then  
This deluing Moale, for madnes eates  
Euen his owne lungs, and strange oathes sweates,  
Because he cannot sell for pence,  
Deare yeares, in spite of *Prouidence.*

D 2

Adde

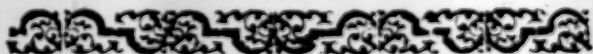


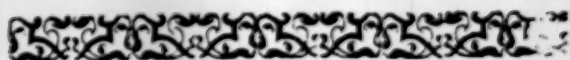


*Newes from Graues-ends.* 4

Adde vnto these, the City sin  
(Brought by seuen deadly monsters in)  
Which doth all bowndes, and blushing scorne,  
Because tis in the Freedome borne.  
What Traines of Vice, (which euen Hell hates)  
But haue bold passage through her gates:  
Pride in Diet, Pride in Cloathing,  
Pride in Building, pure in nothing,  
And that she may not want disease  
She failes for it beyond the Seas,  
With *Antwerp* will she drinke vp *Rhene*:  
With *Paris* act the bloodiest Scene:  
Or in pyed fashions passe her folly,  
Mocking at heauen yet looke most holy:  
Of Vsurie shee'll rob the Iewes,  
Of Luxury, *Venetian* Stewes,  
With Spaniards, shee's an Indianist,  
With barbarous Turks a Sodomist.  
So low her Antique walls do stand,  
These sinnes leape o're euen with one hand:  
And Hee, that all in modest black,  
Whose Eye-ball strings shall sooner crack,  
Then seeme to note a tempting face,  
Measuring streets with a Doue-like pace,

Vnder





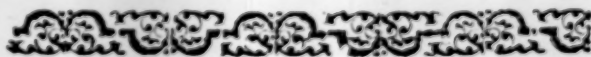
*Newes from Graues-ende.*

Vnder that oyly vizard weares,  
The poore mans sweat, and Orphans teares:  
Now whether these particular Fates,  
Or generall Moles (disfiguring States)  
Whether one sin alone, or whether  
This Maine Battalioy ioynd together,  
Do dare these plagues, we cannot tell,  
But downe they beate all humane Spell:  
Or, it may be, *Iehouah* lookes  
But now vpon those Audit-Bookes  
Of 45. yeares husht account,  
For houres mispent, (whose summes surmount  
The price of ransomed Kings) and there  
Finding our grievous debts, doth cleere  
And crosse them vnder his owne hand,  
Being paid with *Liues*, through all the land.  
For since his Maiden-Seruant's gone,  
And his new Vizeroy fills the Throne,  
Heauen meanes to giue him (as his bride)  
A Nation new, and purified.

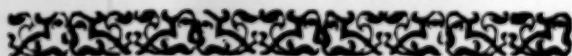
Take breath a while our panting Muse,  
And to the world tell gladder newes,  
Than these of Burialls, strue a while,  
To make thy sullen numbers smile:

D 3

Forget



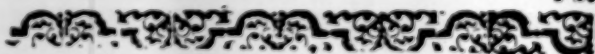




*News from Graues ende*

Forget the names of Graues, and Ghosts,  
The sound of bells : the vnkowne coasts  
Of Deaths vast Kingdome : and saile o're  
With fresher winde to happier Shore.  
For now the maiden Ile hath got,  
A Royall Husband, (heauenly *Loti*)  
Fairst *Scotland* does faire *England* wed,  
And giues her for her maiden-head,  
A crowne of gold, wrought in a Ring,  
With which *Shee's* married to a King:  
Thou Beldame (whisperer of false Rumors)  
Fame, cast aside those Antique humors,  
Lift vp thy golden Tromp, and sound  
Euen from *Tweed's* vtmost christall bownd,  
And from the bankes of Siluer Thames  
To the greene Ocean, that King *James*  
Had made an Iland, (that did stand  
Halfe sinking) now the firmest land :  
Carry thou this to *Neptunes* eare,  
That his shrill Tritons it may beare,  
So fairst, vntill the Danish sound  
With repercussive voice rebound,  
That *Eccho's* (doubling more and more)  
May reach the parched Indian shore,  
For tis heau'ns care so great a wonder,  
Should fly vpon the wings of Thunder.

*The*







*News from Graues-ende.*

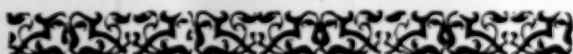
*The Horror of the Plague.*

O Thou my Countrie, here mine eyes  
Are almost sunk in waues, that rise  
From the rough winde of Sighs, to see  
A spring that lately courted thee  
In pompous brauery, All thy Bowers  
Gilt by the Sunne, perfumde with flowers,  
Now like a loathsome Leaper lying,  
Her arbors withring, greene Trees dying,  
Her Reucells, and May-meriments,  
Turned all to Tragick dreeryments:  
And thou (the mother of my breath)  
Whose soft brest thousandes nourisheth,  
Alrar of loue, thou throne of Kings:  
Thou Fownt, where milke and hony springs:  
*Europs Iewell, Englands Iem:*  
Sister to great *Ierusalem:*  
*Neptunes minion,* (bout whose wast  
The Thames is like a girdle cast,)  
Thou that (but health canst nothing want,  
Empresse of Cities, *Troy nouant.*  
When I thy lofty Towers behold,  
(Whose Pinnacles were tipt with gold  
Both when the Sun did sit and rise  
So louely wert thou in his eyes)

*Aposst  
ad Cui  
tem.*

Now

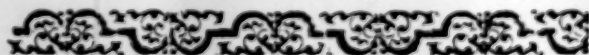


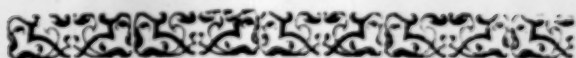


*Newes from Graues-ende.*

Now like old Monuments forsaken,  
Or (like tall Pynes) by winter shaken;  
Or, seeing thee gorgeous as a bride  
Euen in the heighth of all thy pride  
Disrobd'e, disgract; And when all Nations  
Made loue to thee in amorous passions,  
Now scord of all the world alone,  
None seeke thee, nor must thou seeke none,  
But like a prisoner must be kept  
In thine owne walles, till thou hast wept  
Thine eyes out, to behold thy sweete  
Dead children heapt about thy feete:  
O Deereft! say how can we chuse  
But haue a sad and drooping Muse,  
When Coarces do so choake thy way  
That now thou lookst like *Golgotha*;  
But thus, The altring of a State  
Alteis our Bodies, and our Fate,  
For Princes death's do euen bespeake  
Millions of liues; when Kingdomes breake,  
People dissolue, and (as with Thunder)  
Cities proud glories rent afunder.  
Witnes thy walls, whose stony armes  
But yesterday receiu'de whole swarmes

OF





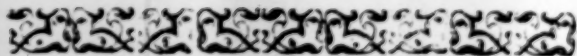
*Newes from Graues-ende.*

Offrighted English : Lord and Lowne,  
Lawyer, and Client, Courtier, Clowne,  
All sorts did to thy buildings fly,  
As to the safest Sanctuary.  
And he that through thy gates might passe,  
His feares were lockt in Towers of brasce,  
Happie that man : now happier they  
That from thy reach get first away:  
As from a shipwrack, to some shore:  
As from a lost field, drownd in gore:  
As from high Turrets, whose Ioints faile:  
Or rather from, some loathsome Iaille:  
But note heau'ns Iustice, they by flying  
That would cozen Death, and saue a dying,  
How like to chaffe abroad th'are blowne,  
And (but for scorne) might walke vnknowne;  
Like to plumde Estridges they ride,  
Or like Sea-pageants, all in pride  
Of Tacklings, Flags, and swelling Sailes,  
Borne on the lostiest waues, that veiles  
His purple bonnet, and in dread  
Bowes downe his snowie curled head,  
So from th'infecte citie fly  
These Swallowes in their Gallantry,

E

Looking,

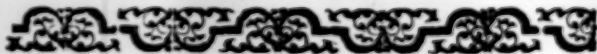


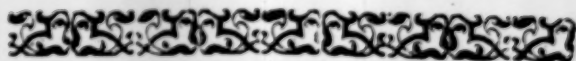


*Newes from Graues-ende.*

Looking that wherefoe're they light,  
Gay Sommer, (like a Parasite)  
Should waite on them, and build'em bowers  
And crowne their nests with wreathed flowers,  
And Swaynes to welcome them should sing  
And daunce, as for their Whiston King:  
Feather of Pride, how art thou tost?  
How soone are all thy beauties lost?  
How easely golden hopes vn-winder:  
The russet boore, and leatherne hinde,  
That two daies since did sinck his knee,  
And (all vncovered) worshipt thee,  
Or being but poore, and meanely cloathed,  
Was either laught to scorne or loathed,  
Now thee he loathes, and laughes to scorne,  
And tho vpon thy back be worne,  
More Sattin than a kingdomes worth,  
He barrs his doore, and thrusts thee forth:  
And they whose pallat Land nor Seas,  
Whome fashions of no shape could please,  
Whome Princes haue (in ages past)  
For rich attires, and sumptuous wast,  
Neuer come neere: now sit they rownd  
And feede (like beggers) on the grownd,

A



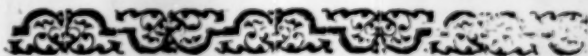


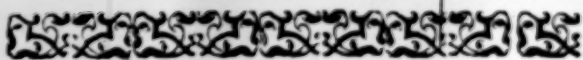
*Newes from Graues-ende.*

A field their bed, whose dankish Sheetes  
Is the greene grasse: And he that meetes  
The flattering Fortune, does but lie  
In some rude barne, or loathsome stie:  
Forooke of all, floured, forlorne:  
Owne brother does owne brother scorne,  
The trembling Father is vndone,  
Being once but breath'd on by his sonne;  
Or, if in this sad pilgrimage  
The hand of vengeance fall in rage,  
So heauy vpon any'es head  
Striking the sinfull body dead.  
O shame to ages yet to come!  
Dishonor to all Christendome!  
In hallowed ground no heaped gold  
Can buy a graue; nor linnen sold  
To make (so farre is pittie fled)  
The last apparell for the dead:  
But as the fashion is for those  
Whose desperate handes the knot vnloose  
Of their owne liues, In some hye-way  
Or barren field, their bones they lay,  
Euen such his buriall is; And there  
Without the balme of any teare,

E 2

Or

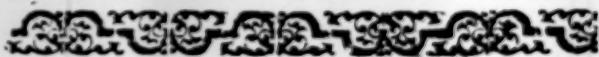


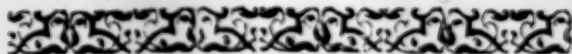


*Newes from Graues-ende.*

Or pomp of Souldiers, But (ô griefe!)  
Dragd like a Traitor, or some thiefe  
At horses tailes, hee's rudely throwne,  
The coarſe being ſtuck with flowers by none,  
No bells (the dead mans Conſort) playing,  
Nor any holy Churchman ſaying  
A Funerall Dirge: But ſwift th'are gon,  
As from ſome noyſome carion.  
O deſolate Citie! now thy wings  
(Whoſe ſhadowe hath bene lou'd by Kings)  
Should feele ſick feathers on each ſide,  
Seeing thus thy ſonnes (got in ther pride)  
And heate of plenty, In peace borne,  
To their owne Nation left a ſcorne:  
Each cowheard feares a Ghoſt him haunts,  
Seeing one of thine inhabitants,  
And does a Jew, or Turke prefer,  
Before that name of Londoner;  
Would this were all: But this black Curſe  
Doing ill abroad, at home does worſe,  
For in thy (now diſpeopled) ſtreetes,  
The dead with dead, ſo thickly meetes,  
As if ſome Prophets voice ſhould ſay  
None ſhall be Citizens, but they.

Whole



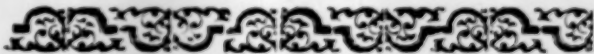


*News from Graues-ende. o*

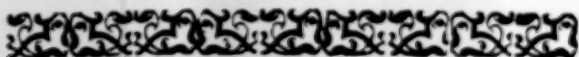
Whole households, and whole streets are stricken,  
The sick do die, the sound do sicken,  
And *Lord haue mercy vpon vs*, crying  
Ere Mercy can come forth, th'are dying.  
No musick now is heard but bells,  
And all their tunes are sick mens knells;  
And euery stroake the bell does toll,  
Vpto heauen it windes a soule:  
Oh, if for euery coarfe that's laide  
In his cold bed of earth, were made  
A chyme of belles, if peales should ring  
For euery one whom death doth sting,  
Men should be deaffe, as those that dwell  
By *Nylus* fall; But now one Knell,  
Giues with his Iron voyce this doome,  
That twentie shall but haue one roome;  
There friend, and foe, the yong and old,  
The freezing coward, and the bold:  
Seruant, and maister: Fowle and faire:  
One Liuary weare, and fellows are  
Sailing along in this black fleete,  
And at the New *Graues-ende* do meete,  
Where Church-yards banquet with cold cheere,  
Holding a feast once in ten yeere,

E 3

To



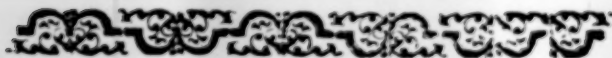




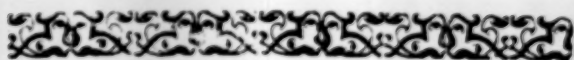
*News from Graues-ende.*

To which comes many a Pilgrym worme,  
Hungry and faint, beat with the storme  
Of gasping *Famine*, which before  
Onely pickt bones, and had no more,  
But now their messes come so fast,  
They know not where, or which to tast;  
For before (*Dust to Dust*) be spoken,  
And throwne on One, more Graues be broken.  
Thou Iealous man I pittie thee,  
Thou that liu'st in hell to see  
A wanton eye cheapening the sleeke  
Soft Jewels, of thy faire wiues cūcke,  
My verse must run through thy cold heart,  
Thy wife has playd the womans part  
And lyen with Death : but (spite on spite)  
Thou must endure this very night  
Close by her side the poorest Groome,  
In selfe-same bed, and selfe-same roome:  
But ease thy vext soule, thus behold  
There's one, who in the morne with gold  
Could haue built Castells : now hee's made  
A pillow to a wretch, that prayde  
For halfe-penny Almes, (with broken lim)  
The Begger now is aboue him;

So





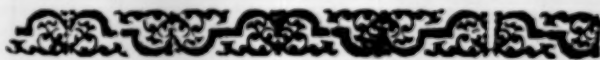


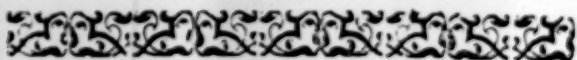
*News from Graues-ende.*

So he that yesterday was clad  
In purple robes, and hourly had  
Euen at his fingers becke, the fees  
Of bared heads, and bending knees,  
Rich mens fawnings, poore mens praiers  
(Tho they were but hollow aires)  
Troopes of seruants at his calling,  
Children (like to subiects) falling  
At his proude teete: loe, (now hee's taken  
By death,) he lies of all forsaken.  
These are the Tragedies, whose sight  
With teares blot all the lynes we write,  
The Stage whereon the Scenes are plaide  
Is a whole Kingdome: who was made  
By some (most prouident and wise)  
To hide from sad Spectators eyes  
Acts full of Ruth, a priuate Roome  
To drowne the horror of deaths doome,  
That building now no higher reare  
The *Pest-House* standeth euery where,  
For those that on their Beeres are borne, -  
Are nombred more, than those that moume.  
But you graue *Patriots*, whom *Fate*  
Makes Rulers of this walled State,

*Pest-house*

We

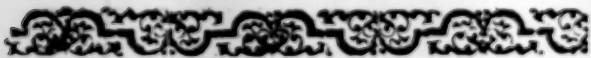


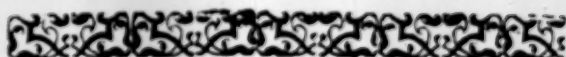


*News from Graues-ende.*

We must not loose you in our verse,  
Whose Acts we one day may rehearse  
In marble numbers, that shall stand  
Aboue *Times* all-destroying hand :  
Only (methinkes) you do erre  
In flying from your charge so farre.  
So coward Captaines shrink away,  
So Shepheards do their flocks betray :  
So Souldiers, and so Lambes do perish,  
So you kill those, y'are bound to cherish:  
Be therefore valiant, as y'are wise,  
Come back again : The man that dies  
Within your walls, is euen as neere  
To heau'n, as dying any where;  
But if (ô pardon our bold thought)  
You feare your breath is sooner caught  
Here then aloofe, and therefore keepe  
Out of Deaths reach, whilst thousands weepe  
And wring their hands for thousands dying,  
No comfort neare the sick man lying :  
Tis to be fear'd (you petty-kings,)  
When back you spread your golden wings,  
A deadlier siege (which heauen auert)  
Will your replenisht walls ingirt.

Tis



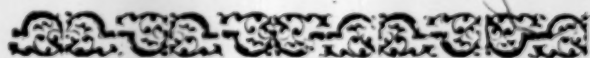


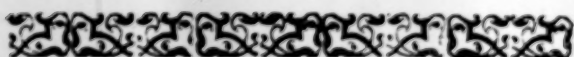
*Newes from Graues-ende.*

Tis now the Beggars plague, for none  
Are in this Battaile ouerthrowne  
But Babes and poore : The lesser Fly  
Now in this Spiders web doth lie.  
But if that great, and goodly swarme  
( That has broke through, and felt no harme,)   
In his inuenom'd snares should fall,  
O pittie ! twere most tragicall:  
For then the Vsurer must behold  
His pestilent flesh, whilst all his gold  
Turns into Tokens, and the chest  
(They lie in,) his infections brest:  
How well heele play the Misers part  
When all his coyne sticks at his heart?  
Hees worth so many farthings then,  
That was a golden God mongst men.  
And tis the aptest death (so please  
Him that breath heauen, earth, and Seas)  
For euery couetous rooting Mowle  
That heaues his drosse aboue his soule,  
And doth in coyne all hopes repose  
To die with corps, stamp full of those.  
Then the rich Glutton, whose swolne cyne  
Looke fiery red (being boild in wine)

F

And

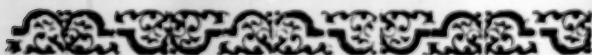


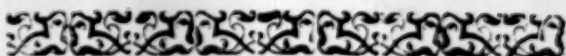


*Newes from Graues-ende.*

And in his meales, adores the cup,  
(For when he falls downe that stands vp  
Therefore a goblet is his Saint,  
To whome he kneeles with small constrain;  
When his owne goblet Scull flowes o're  
He worships *Bacchus* on all foure,  
For none's his God but *Bacchus* then,  
Who rules and guides all drunken men,)  
When He shall wake from wine, and view  
More then Tauern-tokens, new  
Stampt vpon his brest and armes,  
In horrid throngs, and purple swarmes,  
Then will he loath his former shapes,  
When he shall see blew markes mock grapes,  
And hang on clusters on each veine,  
Like to wine-bubbles, or the graine  
Of staggering sinne, which now appears  
In the December of his yeares,  
His last of howers, when heele scarce haue  
Time to goe sober to his Graue.  
And then to die! (dreadfull to thinke!)  
When all his blood is turnd to drinke:  
And who knowes not this Sentence giuen,  
Mongst all sinnes, none can reele to Heauen?

But



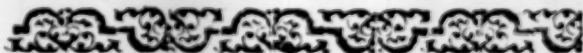


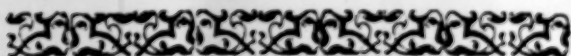
*Newes from Graues-ende.*

But woe to him that sinkes in wine,  
And dyes so (without heau'd vpeyne)  
And buried so! O loathsome trench!  
His graue is like a Tauerne bench.  
Tis fearefull, and most hard to say,  
How he shall stand at latter day.  
The adulterous and luxurious spirit  
Pawnd to hell, and sinnes hot merrit,  
That bathes in lust his leापrous soule,  
Acting a deed without controll  
Or thought of Deitie: through whose bloud, †  
Runnes part of the Infernall floud:  
How will he freeze with horror? lying  
In dreadfull trance before his dying:  
The heate of all his dambd desires  
Coold with the thought of gnashing fires:  
His Ryots rauisht, all his pleasures  
His marrow wasted with his treasures,  
His painted harlots (whose imbraces  
Cost him many siluer faces,  
Whose only care and thought was then  
To keepe them sure from other men)  
Now they dance in Russians handes,  
Lazy Lieftenents (without bandes,)

F 2

With

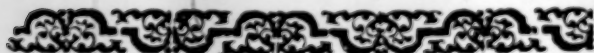


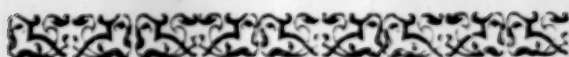


*News from Graues-ende.*

With muffled halfe-fac'd Pandars laughing,  
Whilst he lies gasping, they sit quaffing,  
Smile at this plague, and black mischance,  
Knowing their deaths come o're from *France*:  
'Tis not their season now to die,  
Two gnawing poisons cannot lie,  
In one corrupted flesh together,  
Nor can this poison then fly thether:  
Theres not a Strompet amongst them all  
That liues and rises by the fall,  
Dreads this contagion, or her threats,  
Being guarded with French Amulets.  
Yet all this while thy selfe liest panting,  
Thy Luxurious howers recanting,  
Whilst before thy face appears,  
Th'adulterous fruit of all thy yeares  
In their true forme and horrid shapes,  
So many Incests, violent Rapes,  
Chamberd adulteries, vncleane passions,  
Wanton habits, riotous fashions,  
And all these Anticks drest in hell,  
To dance about the passing bell;  
And clip thee round about the bed,  
Whilst thousand Horrors graspe thy head.

*The*





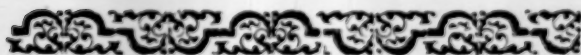
*News from Graues-coule.*

*The Cure of the Plague.*

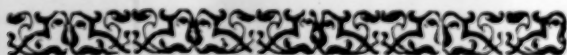
And therefore this infectious season  
That now arrests the Flesh for Treason  
Against heauens euerlasting King,  
Annointed with th'eternall spring  
(Of life and power) this stroke of Force,  
That turns the world into a Coarse,  
Feeding the Dust with what it craues,  
Emptying whole houses to fill graues,  
These speckled Plagues (which our sinnes leuy)  
Are as needfull as th'are heauy;  
Whose cures to cite, our Muse forbears,  
Tho he the *Daphnean* wreath that weares  
(Being both Poesies Soueraigne King,  
And God of medicine) bids vs sing  
As boldly of those pollicies,  
Those Onsets, and those Batteries,  
By Phisick cunningly applied,  
To beate downe Plagues (so fortified)  
And of those Armes defensitiue,  
To keep th'assaulted Heart aliue,  
And of those wardes, and of those sleights,  
Vsde in these mortall single fights,

F 3

As



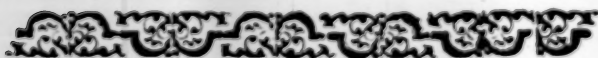


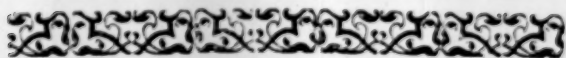


*Newes from Graues-ende.*

As of the causes that commence  
This ciuill warre of Pestilence,  
For Poets soules should be confinde  
Within no bownds, their towring mindes  
Must (like the Sun) a progresse make  
Through Arts immensiue Zodiacke :  
And suck (like Bees) the vertuous power,  
That flows in learnings seuen-fold flower,  
Distilling forth the same agen  
In sweet and wholesome Iuice to men :  
But for we see the Army great  
Of those whose charge it is to beat  
This proud Inuader, and haue skill  
In all those weapons, that do kill  
Such pestilent foes, we yeeld to them  
The glory of that stratagem :  
To whose Oraculous voice repaire,  
For they those Delphick Prophets are,  
That teach dead bodies to respire  
By sacred Æsculapian fire :  
We meane not those pied Lunatickes,  
Those bold fantastick Empirickes,  
*Quack-saluers, mishrump Mountebancks,*  
That in one night grow vp in rancks

And





*News from Graues-ende.*

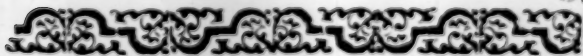
And liue by pecking Phisickes crummes,  
O hate thele venomous broodes, there comes  
Worse sores from them, and more strange births  
Then from ten plagues, or twentie deaths:  
Only this Antidote apply,  
Cease vexing heauen, and cease to die.  
Seeke therefore (after you haue found  
Salue naturall for the naturall wound  
Of this Contagion,) Cure from thence  
Where first the euill did commence,  
And that's the Soule: each one purge one,  
And *Englands* free, the Plague is gone.

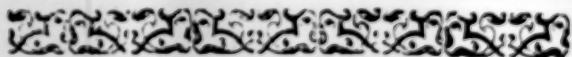
*The C*

*The necessitie of a Plague.*

**Y**Et to mixe comfortable words  
Tho this be horrid, it affords  
Sober gladnes, and wise ioyes,  
Since desperate mixtures it destroies;  
For if our thoughts sit truly trying,  
The iust necessitie of dying  
How needfull (tho how dreadfull) are  
Purple Plagues, or Crimson warre.  
We would conclude (still vrging pittie)  
A Plague's the Purge to cleanse a Cittie:  
Who amongst millions can deny  
(In rough prose, or smooth Poetrie)

*Of*

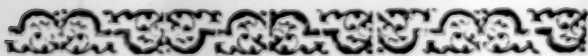




*Newes from Graues-ende.*

Of Evils, tis the lighter broode,  
A dearth of people, then of foode!  
And who knowes not, our Land ran o're  
With people, and was onely poore  
In hauing too too many, liuing,  
And wanting liuing! rather giuing  
Themselues to wast, deface and spoyle,  
Than to increase (by vertuous toyle)  
The banckrout bosome of our Realme  
Which naked birthes did ouerwhelme:  
This begets famine, and bleake dearth:  
When fruites of wombes passe fruites of earth,  
Then Famines onely Phisick: and  
The medcine for a ryotous Land  
Is such a plague: So it may please  
Mercies Distributer to appease,  
His speckled anger, and now hide  
Th'old rod of Plagues: no more to chide  
And lash our shoulders and sick vaines  
With Carbuncles, and shooting Blaines:  
Make vs the happiest amongst men,  
Immortall by our prophcing pen,  
That this last lyne may truly raigne,  
The Plague's ceast, heauen is friends againe.

FINIS.



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